

No lesse beloued of vs, then when  
Thou wert Protector ouer my land.

*exit Gloster.*

*Queene* Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,  
Where should it be but in King Henries hand?

*Yorke* Please it your maiestie, this is the day  
That was appointed for the combating,  
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,  
And they are ready when your grace doth please.

*King* Then call them forth, that they may try their rights.

*Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his staffe with a sand-bagge fastened to it: and at the other doore, his man with a drum and sand-bag, and Prentises drinking to him.*

1 Neighbor Here neighbor Horner, I drinke to you in a cup  
And feare not neighbor, you shall do well enough. *(off sacke.)*

2 Neigh. And here neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.

3 Neigh. Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbour  
drinke and be mery, and feare not your man.

*Armourer* Let it come, yfaith Ile pledge you all,  
And a fig for Peter.

1 Prentise Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not affeard.

2 Pren. Here Peter, heres a pint of Claret wine for thee.

3 Pren. And heres a quart for me, and be mery Peter,  
And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the prentises.

*Peter* I thanke you all, but Ile drinke no more,  
Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer,  
And Will, thou shalt haue my aterne, and here Tom,  
Take all my mony that I haue.

O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale  
with my master, he hath learnd so much fence already.

*Salsb.* Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes:

Sirra, whats thy name?

*Peter* Peter forsooth.

*Salsb.* Peter, what more?

*Peter.* Thump.

*Salsb.*

*houses, of Yorke*

*Salsb.* Thump, then see that t

*Arm.* Here to thee neighbor  
fore we fight, look you, I will tel  
hither, as it were of mans instigat  
nest man, & Peter a knaue, & so  
right blowes, as Beuis of Southan

*Peter* Law you now, I told y

Alarme: and Peter hits him

*Arm.* Hold Peter, I confesse

*Peter* O God I giue thee pr

*Pren.* Ho well done Peter: C

*King* Go take hence that tria  
For by his death we do perceiue  
And God in iustice hath reueale  
The truth and innocence of this  
Which he had thought to haue  
Come fellow follow vs for thy r

*Enter Duke Humph*  
*mourning*

*Humph.* Sirra, what's a clock

*seruing.* Almost ten my Lor

*Humph.* Then is that woful  
That my poore lady should co  
In shamefull penance wandring  
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble m  
The abiect people gazing on th  
With enuious lookes laughing a  
That earst did follow thy prou  
When thou didst ride in triumph

*Enter Dame Elnor Cobham bare*  
*her, with a waxe candle in her*  
*back and pind on, and accompan*  
*and sir Iohn Standly, and officer*

*Seruing.* My gracious Lord,  
Please it your grace, weele take l